

# CARNEGIE

MAGAZINE

CG

PRINCETON



May 1961



# The Economy of India

*Approximately 1498-1650 A.D.*

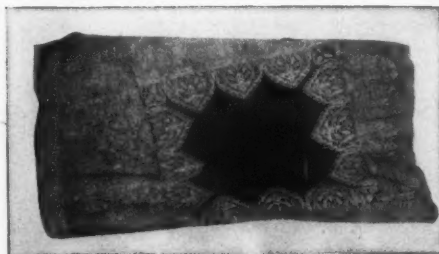
DURING THE EARLY trade monopolies of Portugal and Great Britain in India from 1498 to 1650 A.D., India was largely an agricultural country.

Self-sufficient village units raised rice, cotton, sugar cane, oil seeds, cereal grains and silk. Great landlords owned the land, and tenants paid rentals with shares of the produce. Village craftsmen were organized in guilds similar to those of Medieval Europe.

Copper and gold coins circulated during this period but did not play an important role in the ordinary worker's economic life, because goods were almost entirely transferred on a barter basis.

From 1500 to 1600, Portugal enjoyed a trade monopoly only to be supplanted by Great Britain in 1600. These foreign countries bought goods from native dealers. However, Europeans found it difficult to stimulate a high rate of production because of Indian religious beliefs that life on earth was a very unimportant phase of existence.

Outside of the European orbit in this period, India did not develop modern financial facilities because the people did not require these services. Only when a country is expanding both in industry and in commerce, do economic needs stimulate the growth of modern banking practices and a monetary system such as our society knows today.



*Kashmir shawl made by Indian craftsmen of 17th Century. From the collection of the Carnegie Museum.*

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### COVER

Cucumber Falls in Keister Park at Ohionyle with the spring waters raging. This view can be had after a rugged hike, or the Falls can be seen from an outlook on Chalk Hill Road between Ohionyle and Route 40. It is possible to walk under the Falls. This is part of a recent gift of 589 acres of scenic woodland presented by Mrs. Albert Fraser Keister to the Western Pennsylvania Conservancy. Photograph by Michael Fedison.

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## MAY CALENDAR

### PITTSBURGH ARTS FESTIVAL

Arts Festival Committee of Carnegie Institute is completing arrangements for the second annual outdoor Arts Festival to be held June 2-7 at Gateway Center and Equitable Plaza (page 157).

### SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHIC ART

The 48th annual International Pittsburgh Salon of Photographic Art continues through May 14.

The Salon comprises 214 prints selected from 824 entries and represents 14 countries as well as most of the states. The large number of color prints includes hand coloring in oil and water, flexichrome, ektachrome, and dye transfer. Black and whites show a trend toward tone line, bas-relief, and posterization.

The jury was Doris Martha Weber, Hon. P.S.A., F.P.S.A., A.R.P.S., Hinckley, Ohio; Ollie Fife, A.P.S.A., Alexandria, Virginia; and Leon Arkus, assistant director, Department of Fine Arts.

### WILD FLOWERS ON COLOR SLIDES

Color slides of such local wild flowers as pink lady's-slipper, Indian pipe, creeping phlox, wild geranium, ironweed, large-flowered trillium may be purchased at the Art and Nature Shop.

### LOCAL ARTIST SERIES

Tapestries by Marie Tuicillo Kelly continue in second-floor gallery K through June 4.

### HOBBY CLASSES EXHIBIT

Eleventh annual exhibit from the Division of Education adult classes opens in galleries L and M with preview the evening of May 2: some 200 pieces, predominantly painting but also sculpture, toleware, millinery; through May 14.

### DEADLINE FOR WILDLIFE

Conservation exhibit at the Museum shows a number of extinct Pennsylvanians, among these the elk, bison, marten, passenger pigeon; man's inhumanity to earth with axe and fire, saw and power shovel; wise management of land to provide life for both man and animal; mammals and birds of our land, and how little they need for survival; the forest as a community of apartments for wild things; an indoor waterfall; wise usage of land paying dividends in recreation and in renewal of life-giving natural resources.

### INDIAN ARTS AND CRAFTS

Beadwork, weaving, basketry, and pottery from several western Indian tribes, mostly of the Plains, are now exhibited in the Museum-Library corridor.

### BOBWHITE AND COUNT NOBLE

The well-known exhibit of the pedigreed setter Count Noble, who died in 1891, famous for his field-trial winnings, with a covey of bobwhite (also known as quail or partridge) at a fence corner, has been given improved lighting and new setting and background by the Ottmar von Fuehrers. Mammal Hall, second floor, Museum.

### SIERRA LEONE

Arts and crafts from Sierra Leone on the west coast of Africa, which became a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations April 27, are lent by Mrs. Hibberd V. B. Kline. They are displayed in the Boys and Girls Department of Carnegie Library this spring and summer. With her husband, chairman of the University of Pittsburgh's geography department, Mrs. Kline recently lived for some time in Freetown, Sierra Leone.

### KEROSENE LAMPS

Kerosene lamps—ship, caboose, parlor—from 1870's to 1910, mostly made in Pittsburgh, are shown near Art and Nature Shop; these from the George L. and Lilian I. Ball Memorial Collection.

### PANOROLL: MAMMALS IN TRANSITION

The moving mural painted by Ottmar von Fuehrer, showing 60 million years of mammal evolution in 15 minutes with development of the horse as a central theme, is operated twice daily: weekdays at 12:30 and 3:30 P.M.; Sundays at 3:00 and 4:00 P.M.

### STORY HOUR

Story hour for 5- to 12-year-olds continues at the Library each Saturday at 2:15 P.M.

### SUNDAY ORGAN RECITALS

Marshall Bidwell presents a recital on the great organ of Music Hall each Sunday at 3:00 P.M.; sponsored by the Arbuckle-Jamison Foundation.

Elmer Steuernagel will be Dr. Bidwell's guest at the May 21st recital. Together they will perform Tchaikowsky's *Piano Concerto No. 1*.

Rhonda Bartsch, pianist, will be Dr. Bidwell's guest May 28 to play Mozart's *Concerto in A major*.



IN 1795 WINTERBOTHAM, AN ENGLISH ARTIST, MADE THIS PRINT OF A PENNSYLVANIA BEAUTY SPOT

## WANTED: WATER AND LAND FOR LIFE

CHARLES F. LEWIS

THE work of Western Pennsylvania Conservancy is exciting because what it does must be done today. There is no tomorrow.

What has been styled "the last call for conservation" is at hand. For this last call the Conservancy is ready.

The Conservancy surely will find important work to do for generations to come. But it is unlikely that future challenges will carry the urgency of those that must be met, head on, now.

The Conservancy's purpose is to "preserve or aid in the preservation of areas of scenic, geologic, biologic, historical, or recreational importance in Western Pennsylvania in the public interest, and to establish or aid in the

establishment of nature reserves or other protected areas for scientific, educational, or esthetic purposes."

It would have been easier to accomplish these objectives a hundred years ago, before man had trampled so much of the countryside, but there was so much of the countryside a hundred years ago that most persons regarded it lightly. Today there are many more people and many fewer acres of open space, and thus these acres become more and more important to all people.

Fundamentally, Western Pennsylvania Conservancy is dedicated to the conservation of water, land, and life. Water, land, and wildlife are worth conserving in part because they add to human enjoyment, and

also because some understanding of them gives man deep spiritual satisfactions. Moreover, water, land, and wildlife must be conserved for the simple reason that human life is impossible except as it depends on them. If the life of man is worth saving, then water, land, and our furred, feathered, and finny neighbors in this world must also be worth conserving.

The Conservancy's program ranges over a wide field of activities: membership solicitation; conservation education; land planning, beginning with broad-gauge surveys and proceeding to pin-pointed identification and appraisal of natural areas; property acquisition; property management; and fund raising.

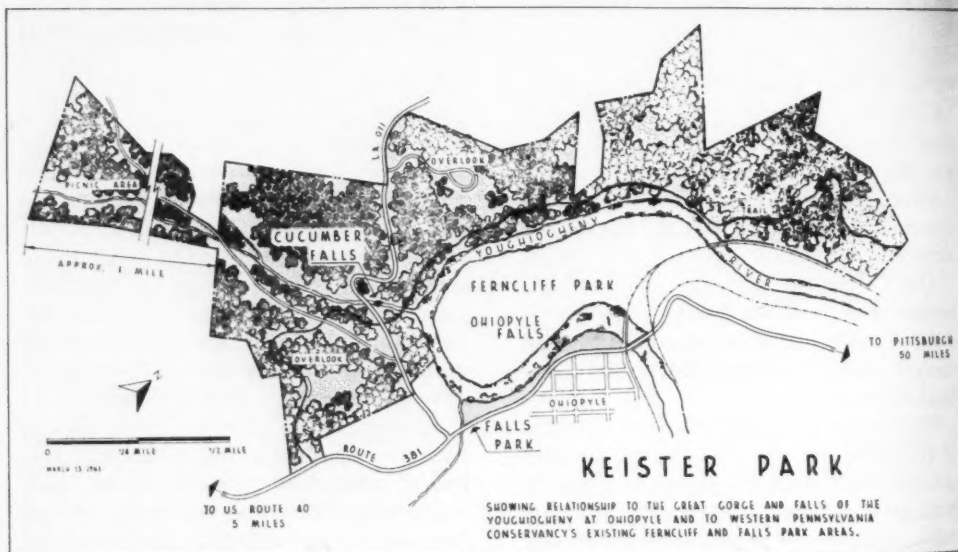
Such a recital, however exact, cannot obscure the romance and the excitement of the search for land and water. It cannot obscure the stimulation and high rewards of association with many of the finest men and women in the region, all conservationists.

Carnegie Museum has long contributed

greatly to the programs of the Conservancy. The search for areas worthy of preservation has been based, in major degree, upon the life work of Dr. O. E. Jennings, now director emeritus of the Museum, and upon the widely informed counsel of M. Graham Netting, its present director, and long-time Conservancy secretary. Dr. Netting led the movement to transform the former Greater Pittsburgh Parks Association in name and in program into the wider field of the Conservancy as it operates today.

These two earnest leaders have been outstanding in service contributed by the educational world to the dominantly business cast of the directorate. One thing the directors from the field of industry and finance have had in common with the educators is that they are all conservationists to the core. Western Pennsylvania Conservancy can look back upon many years of productive effort under the presidency of Charles F. Chubb until his retirement in 1956.

These older leaders in the Conservancy's



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CASCADES OF CUCUMBER RUN, ABOVE THE FALLS

work accomplished great things. They conceived that the Slippery Rock gorge and McConnell's Mill should be saved. They raised the funds. They bought the lands. They then convinced the state administration this was a good thing to do. A state park was created from their effort.

They acquired three smaller natural areas, one of which now is destined to become the nucleus of one of the finest conservation reserves in all Pennsylvania.

These pioneers went on. They bought lands in the Muddy Creek valley of Butler County where a great glacial lake had been impounded until the waters, breaking

through barriers of rock, carved their way southward.

Then a great thing happened. Maurice K. Goddard became secretary of the Department of Forests and Waters. There were understanding and encouragement from Harrisburg. The Conservancy was stimulated to redoubled effort. The lake in the glacial bowl was assured.

Shortly after this, the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania took over the Conservancy's lands in the Muddy Creek valley and paid therefor \$132,000, representing approximately the actual purchase price but not covering an investment of \$75,000 that the

Conservancy had made in planning, acquisition, and management expenses, and in local real-estate taxes paid over the years. This payment by the state, however, put the Conservancy in business in Fayette County, where it now is creating a new major conservation-recreation center.

New impetus was brought to the Conservancy's work when The A. W. Mellon Educational and Charitable Trust, in 1958, granted funds of \$130,000 to pay basic costs of establishing a central office and staff for a five-year "crash" program of planning and land acquisition. The same trust provided additional funds of \$125,000 for planning, property purchases, and improvements.

An important by-product of foundation grants was the opening of the Conservancy's membership to all the people of its region. From a small self-perpetuating group of less than fifty dedicated men, in two and a half years the rolls have grown to more than two thousand annual dues-paying members in categories from \$5 to \$100. There are twenty-one life members at \$1,000 and above. One day recently a nine-year-old girl sent in five cents to help in saving her favorite valley!

The Conservancy's work has been greatly advanced by gifts of lands. Such gifts helped at McConnells Mill State Park and in the Muddy Creek valley. Two small natural areas were made possible by gifts, the Helen Heiner Memorial Forest at Bruin, and the Buchanan Run Nature Reserve in Lawrence County. Funds raised chiefly by garden clubs in Butler have made possible the establishment of the Jennings Blazing Star Prairie.

At Ohioptyle, land gifts have had dramatic effect. The Ferncliff Park peninsula was acquired in 1951 through the action, then anonymous, of the late Edgar J. Kaufmann.

This protected a botanically important natural area and the inner two miles of the spectacular Youghiogheny River gorge. In 1959 one-half mile of river-front lands, on the opposite side of the river, in Ohioptyle Borough, above and below the Falls, was given to the Conservancy by West Penn Power Company.

Completion of protection for this scenic monument required the acquisition of the hillsides on the outer side of the gorge, and the addition of Cucumber Falls and the Cucumber Run valley. To achieve this, Mrs. Albert Fraser Keister, of Sewickley, devoted a year and a half of patient, generous, and faithful effort to consolidate badly fragmented ownership interests held from Alaska to Florida and from New York to California. When she had acquired control of approximately one half of the undivided interests, Mrs. Keister, in March, 1961, made her dramatic gift to the Conservancy, covering 589 acres.

This benevolence will be long remembered as one of the outstanding contributions to conservation in the history of our region. It is appropriate that the Conservancy has named these lands Keister Park.

For the past two years the Conservancy has been engaged in a survey of many counties of western Pennsylvania to seek out

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Dr. Lewis, president of the Western Pennsylvania Conservancy since 1957, has had a lifelong interest in conservation. For many years he has been vice-president of the Cook Forest Association. Following graduation from Allegheny College, he entered newspaper work and from 1919 to 1927 was chief editorial writer of the *Pittsburgh Sun*. From establishment of the Buhl Foundation in 1928, Dr. Lewis was its director until his retirement in 1956. He has been a trustee of Chatham College for nearly thirty years, has received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from that institution and also from the University of Pittsburgh.



*Photos by James McClain*

# SUMMER IDYL: AT McCONNELLS MILL STATE PARK

Unfortunately, however, recent rules prohibit swimming in the Park

areas, large or small, that should be preserved as conservation monuments or for their recreational values.

All of this has involved sound planning. The Conservancy is fortunate to have had the intelligent services of the Community Planning Services, Inc., the group upon which it has chiefly relied. The Conservancy has been fortunate, too, in having the splendid cooperation of Secretary Goddard, which has enabled it to coordinate its activities and plans with those of the Department of Forests and Waters.

It is now clear, however, that the Conservancy's concept must be broadened to

reach beyond the boundaries of this Commonwealth. Natural areas do not respect state lines, just as state lines have little meaning to exploding populations, to great rivers, or even to small streams.

One major project now under serious consideration by the Board of Directors, if brought to realization, would require an interstate compact. There may be others. Planners must be free—in their imaginations—to ignore political boundaries.

The planning need now is for an intensive study of the whole 26-county region, not necessarily to find small wood lots or waterfalls, however attractive they may be, but

to locate and to stake out claims for new potentially great monuments of conservation. Our region must be studied as a whole. If saving the great gorges of the Slippery Rock and the Youghiogheny fires our imaginations, we should ask what other great valleys are likewise crying out for preservation. Where are other noble forests that should be saved? Where are other useful lakes to be created?

Above all, how can all these new monuments be coordinated, one with another, and all with the existing complex of state and national forests, state parks, state game lands, and other conservation holdings?

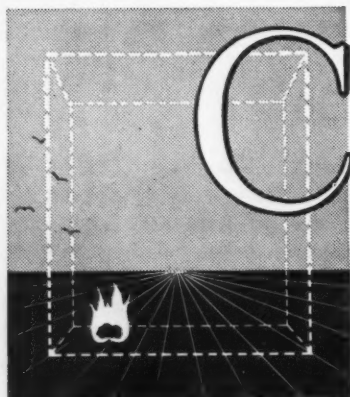
There is no time left for a leisurely survey of conservation and recreation resources and needs. The explosion of population and the ravaging of the countryside are in full

force upon us. Planning and action must go forward, at full speed and simultaneously. The Conservancy is now embarked upon this broader, major planning program geared to action.

The Conservancy will increasingly seek the cooperation of—and seek to cooperate with—other agencies of social and economic inquiry, with all governments at state and local levels, with educational institutions, with industry, and with all dedicated planning groups in the Pittsburgh region.

The time for a maximum effort was never more propitious. The programs of government at the national level and at state levels—as in New York and Pennsylvania—are convincing evidence of response to a swelling tidal wave of public demand.

The “last hour” for conservation can be made its greatest hour.



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# FAUST IN OUR TIME

Concerning William L. Shirer's "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich"

SOLOMON B. FREEHOF

IN the early 1500's in Württemberg, Germany, in the time of magicians and alchemists, there was a learned charlatan known as Doctor Faust. He evidently performed such surprising tricks, as many such men did, that the legend declares this Doctor Faust had made a league with the devil. He wanted to have all the joys of life and also all possible knowledge, and the only way to get this was to sell his soul to the devil.

Toward the end of the century, these legends about Doctor Faust were gathered into a book by Johann Spies, in Germany. Christopher Marlowe, in England, during the next century must have used this book when he wrote his famous drama, *The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus*. Then in Germany itself there were many puppet shows that dealt with this Doctor Faustus. By the 1800's the legend was elevated into one of the great monuments of world literature in Goethe's drama *Faust*. In the middle of the century it was put to music in Gounod's opera *Faust*. The legend, which has lasted through the centuries and has appealed to dramatists, poets, and musicians, must surely be an expression of some deep, underlying, human emotion.

The basic idea was expressed philosophically in the writings of Friedrich Nietzsche. He said we should reject all religious teachings. "God is dead," was his phrase. All the

ethical ideals, all mercifulness, all devotion to justice are unreal. They were concocted first by the Jews and then adopted by the Christians and put in their Bible to enslave the human race and hold down the strong and bold and powerful. The weak and puny of the earth want everybody to be moral and considerate and just, for otherwise they themselves will not be safe. But, according to Nietzsche, the real and promising hope for mankind is the opposite rule: Trample on the weak. Be strong. Be fearless and you will be the *übermensch*, the superman.

Nietzsche never used the words, "pact with Satan," but it is clear he means that the strong shall do as did Faust, who wanted to master everything; they shall give up their old obligations to what is taught by religion and decency; they shall take a new line of violence and deceit; whenever they need to, they shall trample people under foot to advance. In a sense, this was a philosophizing of the Faust legend.

What is vital to modern history is that the Faust legend was not only philosophized, but was concretized into actual national experience by the recent adventure of the German people. Perhaps the best way to explain what happened from 1933 to 1945 is that a whole people made a choice and picked a Satanic leader who said to them: You owe no justice to the weak. You are the superior ones. Follow me and be strong and hard and brutal, and I will give you the earth.

As time passes, the temporary triumph and the inevitable tragedy of the German people begin to seem as unreal as a myth

This is the final of five reviews of new books by Dr. Freehof to appear in *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE* this year, excerpted from the autumn series for the public at Temple Rodef Shalom. His entire series, incidentally, will be broadcast from WWSW Sunday evenings beginning June 4, tentatively set at 10:05.

or an evil dream, even with the trial of Karl Adolph Eichmann reported in the day's newspapers. But a remarkable book is at hand (published by Simon and Schuster) to remind us of the legend of Faust lived out in our own time.

William L. Shirer had an exceptional opportunity to rescue this recent history because he had access to material no one would have believed available. Historians say it usually takes about a half century for the government of a nation so to change that it is no longer touchy about releasing important archives. But something happened with the Germans that never happened before in civilized times. Because their particular demon kept tight claws on them to the very end, when the final collapse came, it was so complete that there was no one left in the country to guard or destroy the archives.

Thus, for the first time in history, the entire archives of a nation were taken over by a conquering force, and the United States government found itself in possession of warehouses full of official German records. There were records of the German Navy with all the secret codes back to its foundation in the time of Bismarck; all the records of the Foreign Office for at least a half century; the complete record of the Nazi Party; the diary written day by day by General Franz Halder when he was closest to Adolph Hitler; records of the secret sessions and what was said there. The material occupies a number of warehouses in Virginia. Shirer had a chance to handle as much as he could of this vast mountain of material. On the basis of these priceless archives, he wrote *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*.

This huge book has two drawbacks, its size and also our general acquaintance with the plot. Yet it is fascinating; first, because of its surprising factuality (the orders, secret

and published, dated and recorded, of what really happened) and, second, for the extraordinary job of organization Mr. Shirer has done. As a newspaper man, harried with day-to-day reporting, the best that could be expected of him is that he would write a sort of chronological sequence, with the calendar the sole organizing principle, as, in effect, he did with his highly successful *Berlin Diary*. But with this vaster material Shirer has achieved dynamic organization, a tidal rise and fall. The reader with an interest in history and without fear of the unpleasant should read this book through in three or four days. If the book is read fast, it becomes an emotional experience because its tensions accumulate.

The book begins on that day and night in 1933 when the last representatives of the German aristocracy, Franz von Papen, and of the German Army, General Kurt von Schleicher, were pushing the old, senile Paul von Beneckendorff und von Hindenburg into accepting as chancellor of the Reich the man he called "the Austrian corporal." It was touch and go that day because the Nazi Party never actually was a majority; at its greatest expansion before Hitler was appointed chancellor it had only 36 per cent of the German electorate. The old soldier Hindenburg, had he been a little younger and stronger, could have resisted. But he was pushed into it, and this new man became chancellor: this man who a few years before had been a tramp on the slum streets of Vienna, who was head of a tiny ragtail party in Munich, not even a German, became head of a permanent party and chancellor of the proud German Reich. And thus the modern tragedy of German history begins.

The author stops at this point to go back over the well-known story of Hitler's youth, bolstered with testimonies from school-

mates: Hitler was a pale, thin, unhappy boy, quick and intelligent when interested, often tending to vile outbursts of ungovernable rage. Who cares about the outbursts of ungovernable rage of a little boy in Slavic Austria? Yet those ungovernable rages ended in the death of millions of Germans and non-Germans and the destruction of the German Reich. Every element of his temperament eventually became of historical weight. Then Adolph Hitler's life in Vienna is described. He never was a house painter (that is a libel by his later enemies), but he did paint cheap little scenic post cards to be sold to tourists.

It was in Austria that his doctrines were formed. Austria was the German capital of a mixed nation of various races—Hungarians, Slavs of various kinds. The Slavs were rising to national consciousness. Austria might have been a miniature League of Nations example to the world. But instead of seeing the great Austrian Empire as the world's best and first experience of the cooperation of self-respecting races of people of different origins, this embittered young man saw only that the noble Germans were being chivied around by the Slavic people who, to him, were racially inferior. Soon he was convinced of Pan-Germanism, the inherent God-given right of the so-called German blood to dominate all the so-called inferior races.

With this Pan-Germanism came the endemic anti-Semitism that for centuries has poisoned the German soul. The man was a mad genius, but genius he was, for he was the first to realize that the Pan-German parties in Austria would always be fringe parties unless they succeeded in doing what the radical parties, in Austria particularly the Socialist Party, had succeeded in doing, namely, to create a mass movement. But

[Turn to next page]



## PITTSBURGH ARTS FESTIVAL

FREE FOR THE PEOPLE

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Friday, June 2, 5:00 to 10:00 P.M.  
Saturday, June 3, 11:00 A.M. to 10:00 P.M.  
Sunday, June 4, 12:00 noon to 10:00 P.M.  
June 5, 6, 7, 11:00 A.M. to 10:00 P.M.

OILS, WATER COLORS, GRAPHICS, SCULPTURE  
by some 200 area artists  
jury-selected in open competition  
shown between Gateway Buildings 1, 2, 3  
for sale on cash and carry basis

CRAFTS EXHIBITS AND DEMONSTRATIONS  
EXHIBITS BY 20 INVITED LOCAL ARCHITECTS  
Gateway Building 4 plaza and lobby

Evenings, 8:00 P.M.  
at the Gateway Center fountain

- June 2: PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY SYMPHONETTA  
Conducted by Karl Kritz  
Samuel Thavieu, violinist
- June 3: A FOLK SONG EVENING  
Vivien Richman  
Jo Davidson  
Charles Cubelic
- June 4: PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY SYMPHONETTA  
Mendelssohn's *Incidental Music to*  
*"A Midsummer Night's Dream"*  
Women's Chorus, Duquesne University  
Pittsburgh Playhouse cast:  
William Glennon  
Daina Tolberg  
Frank Bayer
- June 5: EVERYMAN (England, 1400's)  
Pitt Players  
Michael McHale, director
- June 6: CHARLES BELL CONTEMPORARY  
JAZZ QUARTET
- June 7: PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY SYMPHONETTA  
Theo Salzman, cellist

how to reach the people? Partly by oratory, partly by violence. In his biographical story, *Mein Kampf*, Hitler describes the method of creating a mass party: Overawe the people, scare them, bring troops into a public room and make the people tremble; this, plus oratory—the whip and the carrot—will make of the Pan-German idea a mass party.

Hitler participated in World War I. After the defeat, he was given a job by the really dominant power in Germany, the General Staff. It was a small job, watching the various working-class movements. Shirer describes his contact with a few tiny working-class groups in Munich, some of which were Pan-German. Then came the remarkable rise of the Nazi Party, up to 1933, and Hitler became chancellor.

The German people quickly discovered they had made a pact with a demonic power, because Hitler at once reduced the Reichstag to nothing. He organized the burning of the Reichstag building to justify emergency measures. He began to control the churches, the schools, the hospitals. It was a complete enslavement or, as they said in those days, complete "equalization" of the German people. The German people knew the man to whom they had given the chancellorship was their master; and his mastery expanded until all that was strong and all that was historic in Germany lived by his whim. The German General Staff became merely his puppets, and the great German universities became merely Nazi training schools. The whole world was changed. The German people were led to undreamed-of heights of glory and then cast down to the depths.

Shirer tells of Hitler's progress to German grandeur. First he occupied the Rhineland. A German statement is published at this point in the book saying that if the French had sent just one regiment to face them, the Germans would have fled because they

could not have resisted. It was the same story, repeated step by step: the Rhineland, the Saar, Austria, Czechoslovakia. At every step, he could easily have been stopped. His opponents were always divided. But perhaps that is not the basic reason. Hitler was a gambler, to whom human life meant nothing. He had a mission, and at every step he was not afraid to risk world war. Neither France nor England could lightly accept the risks he so blithely took, though at every step the German generals trembled. His chips were human life, and he would make the enormous bet that his opponents could not cover.

The path of the Third Reich was upward, upward, until it finally came the turn of Poland. Neville Chamberlain, who nervously would not risk war with this gambler before, decided this was the point where they could go no further, and England declared war. As to Poland, Shirer publishes the secret orders showing how Hitler ordered a certain number of German soldiers to put on Polish uniforms and attack a German border post, to show the world that Germany had been attacked. In negotiating for two or three years with the Russians, Hitler for the first time met the same type of amoral, dominant leadership that he himself represented. Between them, they divided Poland. But now England was in the war and, also, France.

No wonder the generals bowed down to Hitler. They knew he did not have any training in strategy, but he had tremendous recklessness and the iron will that only an inhuman person could have. Therefore his advice was always bold: Do something new! Never mind treaties!

He planned the invasion of the Low Countries very plainly. The dates were all preset. He took the British by surprise, had them trapped in Dunkirk but never closed

the trap. That was his first mistake, because he believed his own schemes too well. He could not have imagined that the flotilla of every little boat and launch available in England was crossing and recrossing the Channel, and that on some days fifty thousand men were rescued in those tiny boats.

The next mistake came when, after his ally Benito Mussolini had been defeated in Greece, he swept through the Balkans down to the Mediterranean, thus delaying his invasion of Russia for a month, so that winter came and defeated the German siege of Moscow and Leningrad.

With this two-front war that Germany had always hoped to avoid, the German Navy was forced to give up its planned conquest of England. Hermann Goering's Luftwaffe was winning over the little, gallant Royal Air Force above England when Hitler ordered a shift of air strategy to massive concentration on the bombing of London. This led to counterattack by the R.A.F. against Berlin, and for the first time the German people saw what was going to happen. They began to fear that, though they won victories, they were going to lose their lives and see their cities destroyed. Shirer was still in Germany at the first bombing. While not much damage was done, the German people began to shiver in premonition.

It was at the Battle of Britain that "so many owed so much to so few," as Winston Churchill said, and the Luftwaffe had to recoil. Then came defeat in El Alamein and the landing of Dwight D. Eisenhower in North Africa, and great German armies frozen in winter on the Volga. The General Staff no longer existed as an independent body. Hitler's temperament now determined history for the German Army.

At that time the Reich extended from the Volga through the Balkans to the Atlantic, to the North Sea. Never was a European na-

tion so powerful and so greatly feared. But it began to collapse. At every place where judicious retreat might have allowed time for regrouping of forces and recuperating of strength, Hitler insisted, "We will not retreat." As a result, the professionals in the German Army began to see there was no hope for Germany unless they assassinated Hitler. There followed a series of Army plots. Every plot failed, and in connection with the final one, Field Marshall Erwin Rommel, victor in Africa and hero of the German people, was forced to commit suicide and then given a hero's funeral.

The story finally ended in the bunkers, with the death of the German Third Reich: the land in the hands of conquerors, with no German government until a new one could gradually emerge.

The book is both fascinating and disturbing. No one can read in comfort of the angry murder of millions of people. When Hitler, during the Russian campaign, finally determined on the extermination of so many Slavs and all the Jews, and did it all so scientifically, Shirer's description is bolstered with documents of German firms who competed for the right to provide the chemicals for the mass murder. Any reader of the book must begin to be afraid of human nature. Wherein were these Germans different from everyone else?

They were not different. That is what led Sinclair Lewis to write his book, *It Can't Happen Here*; a sardonic title, for he meant that it *can* happen here! The demonic characteristics, the violence, the desire to take short cuts over other people's suffering—such impulses exist everywhere. One has merely to look at newspaper pictures of women trying to prevent a few white children from going into desegregated schools in New Orleans, and watch their furious hate-distorted faces. Such people, caught at

the height of their fury, could scratch, tear, and trample! There is murderousness in all of us. Therefore, one reads this book with deep discomfort. Could not such a pact with Satan occur again elsewhere?

The ultimate consolation of the book is that the author says, virtually, it *cannot* happen again. He gives a plain reason for his conviction that Hitler is really the last of the great world conquerors, the Caesars, the Alexanders, the Genghis Khans. But why can it not happen again? Because, he says, now the whole world would be dead before such a madman would have lasted a single week. With the atomic, the hydrogen bombs, world war is world destruction. The destroyer would destroy himself. Therefore, Hitler is the last. A sense of world death is on the minds of all nations and of all possible antagonists, and life is never so precious as when we know it is going to end.

This experience that has always come to individuals has now, in our time, become the experience confronting nations. Because nations see death for the first time, they know that life is precious. How can we maintain life on the planet? The old myth of Faust warns us to be careful with whom we make our pacts. There were once temptations people considered safe, to make a pact with the murderous, the violent, the unjust, the hateful and diabolic. This is no longer safe. It is better to learn again the other pact, the pact with the patient, with the just, the considerate, with the human and the humane. We formerly felt that peace and good will were one of the distant hopes of mankind, but now we know them to be urgent necessity. Particularly does this stand out as the truth when we read this recent and we believe last form of the Faustian legend, *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*.

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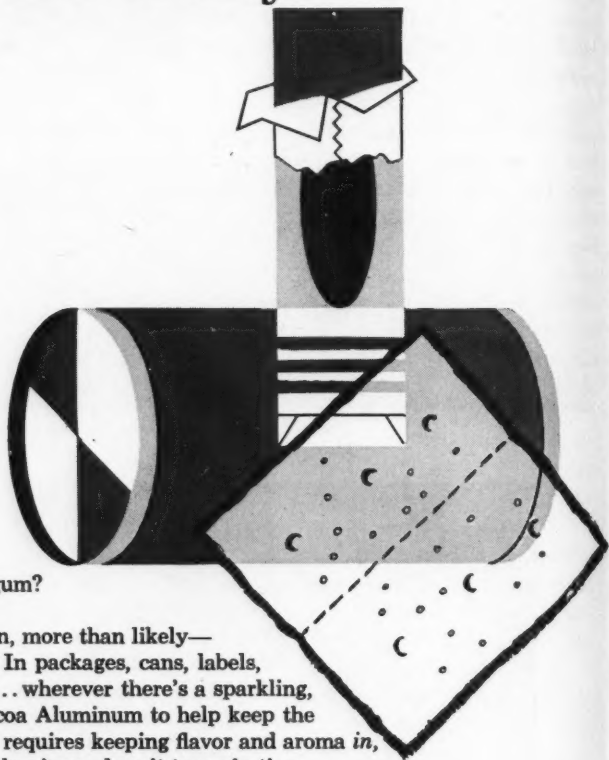


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## BRITTANY: A LEGEND OF BELLS

HELEN PRICE FOSTER

**B**REIZ, the Bretons call their land; the French call it Bretagne. Ancient Britons from the north named it *Aremorica*: the land of the sea. For Brittany belongs to the sea.

Before recorded history, the sea swallowed a fabled country to the west that had joined present Britain to little Brittany and the continent. Underwater earthquakes piled rock in mountains to form Brittany's coasts. Archeologists place the date of this titanic alteration c. 8000 B.C. The date went unrecorded, but memory of man marked the event in tales told by mariners of the Hesperides, of Atlantis, and in the legend of Ys, the submerged kingdom.

"The sea's masterwork," Anatole Le Braz, the poet, said of his country. Brittany belongs to the sea, and even inland, out of sight and hearing of surf and gulls, the sea is ever present. Over high, desolate moors stripped and riddled by Atlantic gales, and green farms in sheltered valleys, the west wind is salt and the sky is a maritime sky. The light is diffused by moisture in the air, the sunlight is oblique, broken and slanted by cloud, and the land glows with a strange luminosity. And as Brittany came from the

sea, so the sea must always remind the Bretons of its presence by breaking over the rock barriers in time of high tide and tempest and washing into the quiet countryside. "The sea will have its own again," say the Bretons. Ys first, Breiz after. The sea is patient. It waits. For their uses of the sea the Bretons pay a high toll yearly in men and ships.

It is not strange that visitors from many nations have noticed a brooding melancholy hanging over this ancient land and its people, a twilight of sky and spirit that at times can strike an odd sadness to the heart of even the most casual tourist. "Only a trick of the light," says the skeptic, but painters and writers have come from every country in Europe to try to capture it. It is inevitable that something of that enduring moodiness has seeped into the Bretons over the ages.

This pervasive spell of mind and matter is the "Celtic twilight" of the English writers. The ancient Celt and his descendants, Bretons, Welsh, Irish, and Scots, were dreamers: the world was never enough for them. Their dream was greater than the earth and of necessity fed and fattened on their poverty of barren soil, rock, and sky. In Welsh one brief word *hiraeth* means the yearning and soaring of the spirit after the unknown. For centuries there have been exchanges of commerce, culture, and migration among these Celtic peoples. The Bretons, too, still speak of Arthur and Merlin, Tristan and Iseult. Their music holds the keening minor note of the Welsh and Irish, and it can be heard, melancholy and haunting as the cry of the curlew, in the music of Guy Ropartz, a Breton born of our time.

Yet there is much more to Brittany than

Mrs. Foster is assistant in Special Adult Services at Carnegie Library, for several years was in the Music Division. She began studying French in kindergarten at Winchester-Thurston School and continued throughout her twelve years there, also at Carnegie Institute of Technology where she majored in painting and design. From 1951 to 1954 she lived in France, moving from Paris to Brittany the last year for her son to begin his schooling. Later she revisited Brittany several months.

Members of Carnegie Institute Society will catch at least a glimpse of Brittany in Thayer Soule's lecture, "Footloose in France," November 27-28.

a spell of light or mood, for little Brittany has many faces. To say that Brittany is only a land of brooding melancholy would be as false as to describe it as a place of gaiety and sunshine. Brittany is neither, for it is both, and often it is both at once. Only stand in a Breton downpour on a summer day and observe the sky beyond in a flood of sunshine, and watch narrow streets and wet slate roofs, yellow with lichens, turn to molten gold. It is in the infinite variety of weather, sea, and sky, and in the many faces of the land that the charm of Brittany lies.

The unwary traveler will be made aware of a curious loss of time as he makes his way. By going forward he goes back. Here the past joins the present and they become indivisible. Near Vannes or Nantes the tourist sees in the sky the latest jets from St. Nazaire. Yet a few miles to the west, at Carnac, he finds those very early efforts of man on earth, the great menhirs that stand like sentinels watching the implacable sea. They were ancient when the Romans passed. Between them and St. Nazaire, a distance of perhaps sixty miles and five thousand years, lies a neat diagram of the record of man on earth. Contemplating this between breakfast and dinner, the imaginative traveler will suffer a curious vertigo. Time—our time as we think of it, the convenience on a wrist or on a wall—shrinks to insignificance before that vast expanse of ages. Brittany, surviving time, now is ageless. It exists outside of time.

The traveler will go northwest into Cornouailles and Finistère. *Finis terrae*, the Romans named it appropriately: the end of earth. In Finistère he will go to Quimper, that small city beloved of men of all nations. He may dine at a restaurant named Le Roi Gradlon, the best in town. He will visit the beautiful cathedral of St. Corentin down

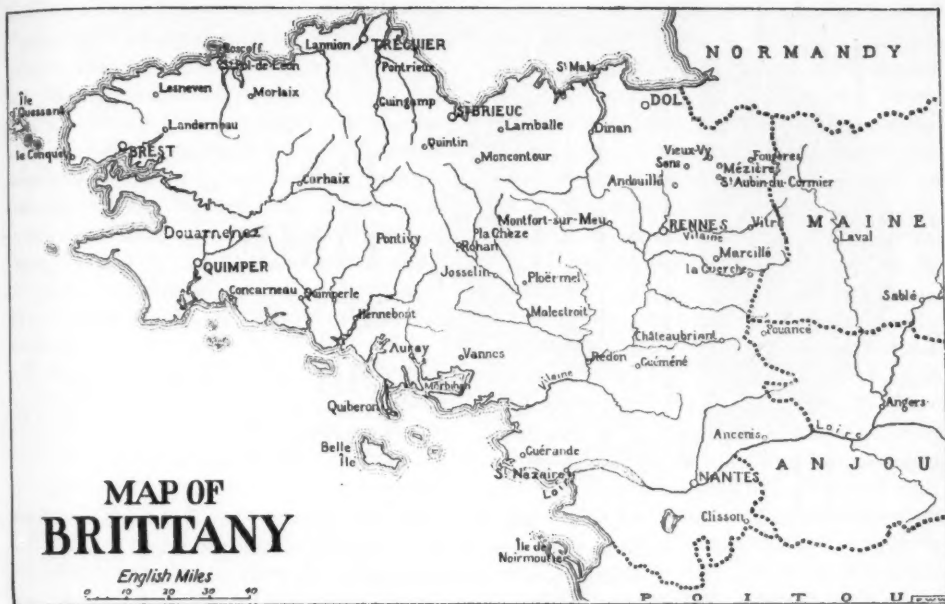
Rue Keréon to see its inexplicably crooked nave. Why a crooked nave? But Brittany is full of questions that have no answers. Before the great doors of the cathedral, facing the market square, there is a granite statue of a stiff man dressed in fifteenth-century costume, who rides an undersized horse. The clothes date the statue neatly. No one can date the man. He is Gradlon, King of Ys, and his legend was already ancient when his effigy was placed there.

The legend says that Ys was a great kingdom, but to punish the wickedness of Gradlon's beloved daughter Dahut, a tidal wave was sent to cover the land. The King, warned to leave Dahut to the sea, escaped on horseback before the tide, riding east toward Quimper with Dahut on pillion behind him. Though she was leagued with the Devil, he would not abandon her. Yet as the water rose around the horse's flanks, Dahut slipped down and was drowned, and the tide turned and the sea receded from Ys, taking all with it but the life of its king.

The separation of Brittany from the Kingdom of France was maintained for centuries, reinforced by differences of language and culture and the intransigent pride of the Bretons. The situation of Brittany was exceptional. Its Dukes ruled by the grace of God, and owed nothing to the Kings of France. The family of de Rohan, which gave many Dukes to Brittany, bore a motto notable for its brevity and arrogance:

*Roi ne puit,  
Prince ne daigne:  
Rohan suis!*

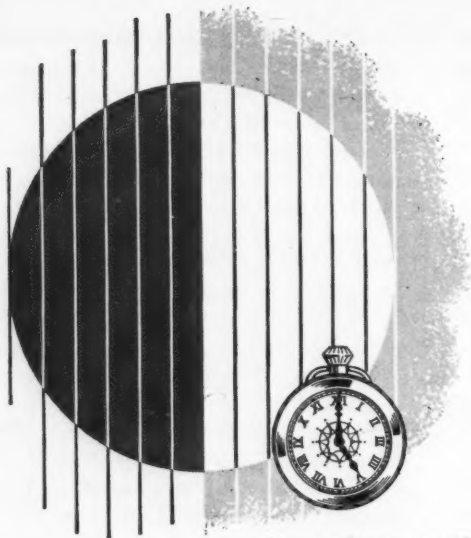
The Dukes of Brittany were not so much ducal as royal, and the Bretons gave them unconditional homage and loyalty. The Duke was the source of all law and loyalty: justice was administered in his name, and he issued the letters patent of nobility. The



Breton clergy, too, jealously guarded their independence from the French Church. Brittany was separate, and cherished a national sentiment that was fervent and fanatical. If French was the language of the court, of justice and commerce, most people preferred to use Breton and so were bilingual.

This ardent independence of spirit was carefully encouraged by the Kings of England, who naturally did not want to see the hostile Kings of France in possession of the great Breton ports. For three centuries France harbored designs upon the Duchy, and at periods French armies overran the border along the Vilaine River to invade the Duchy and to besiege and burn at various times the towns of Guingamp (where gingham was first woven), Hennebont, Vitré, Morlaix, and even Brest. Yet each time the French were forced back, to watch covetously from positions of safety east of Angers.

For a period of fifteen years, from 1470 to 1485, under the nominal rule of François II, the Duchy was administered in fact by the clever Lord Treasurer Pierre Landais, who had begun his career as a tailor in Vitré. Landais' hatred of France was as intense as his love for his country and people. He was the original Breton autonomist. He was killed in 1485 by Breton noblemen who feared his unholy influence upon the Duke. Yet even Pierre Landais had not held back the rising tide of French dominion. Time and the subtle influences of French language and manners had accomplished more than French armies had done. In 1488 the Duke, François de Rohan, died. (A replica of his tomb in the Cathedral of Peter and Paul at Nantes may be seen in the Hall of Architecture of Carnegie Institute.) His only heir was a young daughter Anne, a remarkable little girl with a lame foot. François' death was the occasion for a three-sided,



## The TIME of our lives

As man began traveling from place to place in a matter of hours instead of days, it became necessary to adopt a convenient world-wide system for measuring time. In 1884, *standard time* was accepted as the basis for setting the clocks of most major nations.

The Standard Time system divides the earth into 24 time belts, each approximately 15° wide. (That's how many degrees the earth rotates in one hour.) Greenwich, an English town at 0° longitude, serves as the *time capital* of the world. When the sun reaches its highest point over the Greenwich meridian, the clocks there and in every city in the same time belt strike Noon. At any location in the first time zone to the west it is 11 a.m.; in the first to the east, 1 p.m. Time advances one hour for each 15° east of Greenwich, is one hour less for each 15° west.

While actual noon in any location is when the sun stands directly over its meridian, the standard time system—with its hours adjusted to the center longitude of each belt—conveniently keeps the world on schedule.

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three-year war fought in Brittany between France and England over the status of the young Duchess. She was of marriageable age, and Brittany would be her dowry to her future husband. It is not surprising that she was sought in marriage by the Emperor Maximilian, by Don Juan of Spain, and by Charles VIII of France. The dispute was settled romantically. To the chagrin of Henry VII of England, in December, 1491, Anne was reluctantly married to the King of France, who had had the advantage of being a bachelor.

With Anne's coronation in Paris as Queen, her Duchy was joined to France, and when Charles VIII died, she was married to his successor Louis XII. France would not let her go. Yet Anne's loyalty and devotion remained with her Breton people, and their love for her was perpetuated. Her house at Morlaix is cherished; hotels and restaurants are named for her. Many little Breton boys are named for the patron St. Yves, and many little girls are named for Anne.

Though Brittany became French, the strong sense of separation endured. During the Revolution, Breton nationalism flared up in the form of the Chouans, and later under Napoleon I in the person of Cadoudal. It flickered again in a perverted form during World War II, when a few ardent autonomists collaborated with the Germans, not out of love for them, but out of hatred for a government that had been forced upon them.

West of Rennes and Vannes one enters "Bretagne bretonnante": Breton-speaking Brittany, or Breiz-Izel, as differentiated from Breiz-Uhel, the border country. Here the people remain strongly bilingual, and Breton is preferred in the family group and among friends. "Kenévo!" the traveler will be greeted on arrival and at parting. Here the dukes and kings came and went, and

left traces of their habitation on the face of the country in the lovely châteaux, the cathedrals, the gardens, and the noble tombs. On the surface Brittany became French, but the character of her people remained unaltered. It is that quality of immutability that is most striking to the visitor, the air of that which was, is, and shall be, the sense of eternity. Here the traveler, liberated from clocks, will take a trip in time between sky and earth.

At Chateaulin he will find the ruins of a Roman fort, and a few miles east, at Carhaix, he will enter the ancient forest of Broceliande, the twilight glades of Merlin and Morgana Le Fey. Going west again he will visit Brest, site of German submarine pens and base for the *Kriegsmarine* in World War II. Brest has been completely rebuilt since the air raids of 1944 that leveled it. One of the few landmarks that survived the Allied bombings is the great round tower of the fourteenth-century fortress, very much at home in the modernity of the new port.

Neither weather, nor climate, nor the configuration of their land has favored the Bretons. Like their cousins to the north they have endured in spite of wind and weather, not because of it. Over the ages they have developed all the qualities necessary to survive, and evolved a surface much like that granite they use to build their cottages and churches. (The man from Cornouailles says of his neighbor from León that he opens his mouth only to say his prayers and ask for money.) They are tough, tenacious, and vigilant. They are brave—they have always had to be. They live with the sea and tell time by the tides, and for centuries they have sent away their sons to be the backbone of the French navy. From St. Malo alone, which gave the world the immortal Chateaubriand, came some of the greatest names in the annals of the sea, among them

Jacques Cartier. Pirates, navigators, and explorers. From Le Croisic in 1949 Yves Le Toumelin left in the sloop *Kurun* to sail alone around the world, and returned there three years later.

The Breton fishermen have their own courage. They know the Atlantic as a farmer knows his fields. From March to November they desert Concarneau, Audierne, and Douarnenez for the banks of Iceland and Newfoundland. On the desolate island of Ouessant (Ushant) the women wear perpetual mourning for their men who have gone to sea and never returned, and for those yet to go. Henri Queffelec, a native of Brest, has written several fine novels about these fisherfolk, his neighbors. Self-pity is a state of mind unknown to them, a luxury in which they have had neither time nor inclination to indulge.

The religious ardor of the Bretons is manifest in their pardons, their host of saints and multitude of elaborate stone calvaries. The Bretons seem to share in their lives an intimacy with death. In the country the Tous-saint (All Hallows) is a great event. This is the feast of the dead, and in every cottage kitchen the table is covered with a yellow cloth, and bowls of cream and stacks of dark buckwheat pancakes are set out for the entertainment of visiting ghosts, the windows opened wide to welcome them.

There are many pardons through the spring and summer. Thousands of devout Bretons sleep under the stars before church doors and march in procession through rocky fields to renew their faith. The great pardons are those of Ste Anne La Palud, Treguier, Folgoët, and Rumengol. A lesser pardon, the one at Ploërmel, was used in an operatic hodgepodge by the composer Meyerbeer.

The spell of Brittany has been admired and utilized for centuries by men of many

countries. Any summer day a tourist at St. Malo can observe this as the ferry arrives from Southampton loaded with English on holiday. In the south, Port Manec'h, a village at the foot of a lighthouse, has become a summer resort for foreign diplomats, rich Parisians, and French movie stars. Nearby at quiet Benodet, the Pasha of Marrakech, El Glaoui, built himself a summer home, a palace out of the Arabian Nights. The Bretons observe these glamorous comings and goings with tolerant indifference.

The villages of the lovely river Aven were colonized in the nineteenth century by waves of admiring outlanders. At Pont Aven, the good Tante Julia kept a fine hotel, and Paul Gauguin painted her there. Down river at Riéc, Tante Melanie was innkeeper, and Asselin did her portrait with another painter Curnonsky at table behind her. Julia and Melanie, the finest cooks in a country where *la bonne cuisine* is mandatory, formed an alliance with art that is memorable, a happy concordat of "fauve" painting and good cooking. The school of Pont Aven was born, a very shrewd exchange of edible and visible masterpieces. Pont Aven was the haven and tomb of Théodore Botrel, a beloved Breton poet, and became the first exile of Gauguin, who left from Donëlau down the river for Tahiti and immortality. After him came Verkas, Filiger, Emile Bernard, Serusier, Maufray—all drawn there, enchanted and baffled by the subtle hues and strange luminosity of the landscape.

The painters colonized Concarneau, too, close at hand, delighted by its medieval town, the blue nets of the tuna fishermen strung up to dry, and the blue trawlers under canvas of orange and saffron. Painters and travelers moved west to Audierne, Locmariaquer, and Douarnenez, where the fishermen wear clothes of scarlet sailcloth faded



THE SEA AT LE HAVRE (1868) BY CLAUDE MONET  
Collection of Carnegie Institute

by salt water to rose and salmon pink.

It is at Douarnenez that one hears again of the kingdom of Ys. Today the fishermen there say that under the water of their great placid bay they can hear church bells tolling with the tide, the bells of Ys. Claude Debussy heard the legend and wrote *La Cathédrale Engloutie*, music full of the drowned clanging of bells. Edouard Lalo wrote an opera called *Le Roi d'Ys*, and adapted the legend for his own purposes. It should be added that in Wales, just to the north, the legend of Ys is alive at Aberdovey on Cardigan Bay where bells have been heard chiming with the tide. So the kingdom of Gradlon may be invisible, but it still lives.

This, then, is Brittany, standing, as the lady from Paris described it, with one foot

on the land and the other in the sea, and in love with a dead duchess. All the civilizations of western Europe have passed here, taking much and leaving their marks before they vanished into history. Western Europe still holidays in Brittany and takes home again something of its spirit, which is like fire, for one can give fire and still have fire. Brittany has given much over the centuries, and has lost nothing.

There is duality of language in Brittany, and duplicity of weather and climate. Even the countryside has two faces. The high moors are there, harsh and desolate under sullen skies. The few trees on the slopes, stunted and twisted grotesquely by the sea wind, look like the claws of witches, burned black on the seaward side, sear and dead. Yet on the lee side each spring they hope-

fully put out shy green leaves. The valleys too are there, of the Vilaine, the Aven, the Steir, the Odet, and the Aulne. They lie in idyllic beauty, shimmering under filtered sunlight, bordered by rich pasturage, fields of buckwheat, and a multitude of apple orchards. Cider is the drink of the Bretons, and they say that the fisherman St. Peter too liked his sip of cider. The best in the world is reputed to come from a few square miles between Quimper and Forêt-Fouesnant. Autumn in Brittany is red and gold with the harvest shaken to earth. Carts move along the lanes, creaking under fragrant loads of apples, and at every farm the presses are busy making cider.

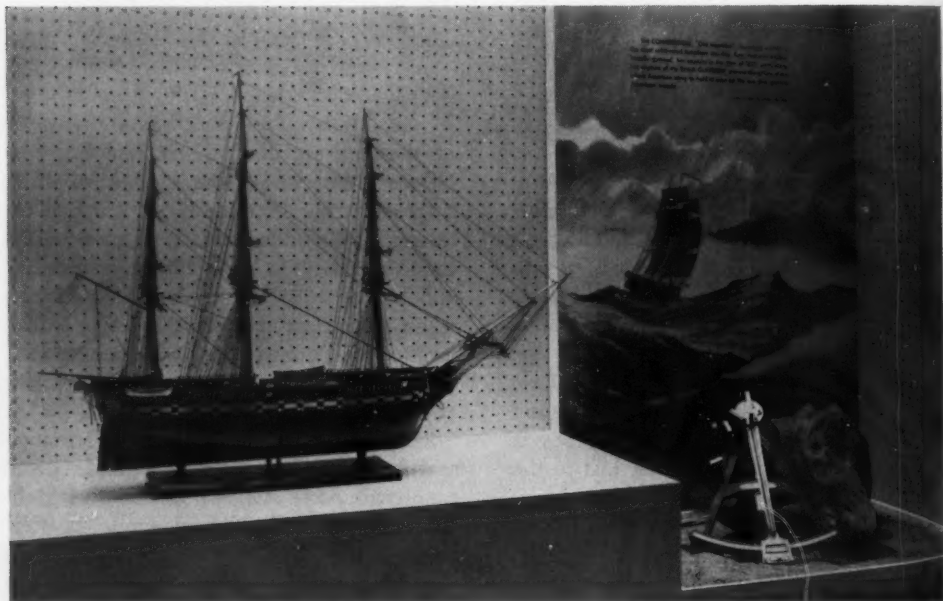
Winter in Brittany is dark and stormy,

with gales from Biscay and rain in sheets. But in spring Brittany turns her other face, and the land smiles and wears a crown of apple blossom, remembering that in Eden too there was an apple tree. Under limpid skies and mild sunlight Brittany is beautiful, and her face is bright with the gold of mimosa and white of blooming apple orchards, millions of apple trees in clouds of blossom. From Brest to Angers, from St. Malo to Concarneau, the orchards bloom, a white dream of flowering apple over the hills, and make a crown of immortality to be renewed each spring in perpetuity.

This is Anne's duchy and Gradlon's kingdom. This is Ys. This is Brittany.

Kenévo!

## HOBBY HALL: WOODEN SHIPS AND IRON MEN



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WILLIAM BELL AND MAYOR JOSEPH M. BARR, WITH PRIZE DESIGNS

## DESIGN FOR SYMPHONY JUNIOR PROGRAMS

THE Tam O'Shanter and Palette art classes of the Division of Education at Carnegie Institute competed this year in designing a program cover for the Junior Symphony Concerts.

Through the triple sponsorship of the Junior Council of the Department of Fine Arts, the Women's Association of the Pittsburgh Symphony Society, and the Division of Education, the students of these Saturday classes for talented art students set to work on their own cover designs. Thrilled with an art project having real utilitarian purposes—the winning designs to be used on the Symphony junior program covers—these young artists started the project.

Preliminary preparations, however, were necessary. Research and keen observation of

the basic objects were needed. How does one draw a cello, a piano, or the other instruments; what does a symphony conductor wear; how are musicians arranged in relation to the conductor? These questions, heretofore completely unimportant, now became of the greatest interest.

With factual information established, preliminary sketches began—one, two, three, and sometimes even more of these.

This continued until every pupil had a sufficient number to feel he had explored the possibilities of the subject. From these the best was taken, with the help of the instructor, Joseph Fitzpatrick, and enlarged in correct cover-design proportion, this to be completed in black, white, and gray for actual printing.



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The finished drawings show imaginative interpretations of musical instruments, conductors in flying tails leading their musicians with fiery posturings, music stands and proscenium arches flowing through space, to mention only a few.

A jury composed of the following, ably equipped for the task, began their work of choosing the five winning designs: Marie Tuicillo Kelly, Mrs. Leland Hazard, Mrs. Randle Brereton, Leon A. Arkus, and Joseph Fitzpatrick.

The five finalists were selected, two from the Tam O'Shanters and three from the afternoon Palettes. The two first prizes went to Deborah Joy Johnson (10 years), of Center School, Monroeville, and William Bell (14), Jefferson Junior High School, Mt. Lebanon. Second prizes went to Dwight Holmes (11), North Allegheny Junior High, Robert K. Moorehead, Jr. (14), Tarentum Junior High, and Marcy Sites (15), Baldwin High School.

Deborah's design will be used five times on the programs for the five Concerts for Young People next season, and William's will be used on the program for the Young Adult Concert planned for teen-agers.

On Saturday, April 8, in Carnegie Music Hall, these art students were awarded their prizes. The first two prizes—one in each group—were professional-size easels, and the remaining three, packages of art supplies. Recordings by the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra were also given each winner.

Awards for the first two prizes were made by Mayor Joseph M. Barr and Dr. William D. McClelland, chairman of the Board of County Commissioners. The three remaining prizes were presented by Mrs. Lincoln Maazel of the Pittsburgh Symphony, Mrs. James H. Heroy, Jr., president of Junior Council of Carnegie Institute, and Dr. Arthur C. Twomey, director of education.

## RABINDRANATH TAGORE

1861-1941

*Translation by Nagendranath Gupta*

### THE GLOWWORM

Little firefly, how joyously you spread your wings  
In the woods in the dark twilight!  
You have poured out your heart in gladness.  
You are not the sun, you are not the moon,  
But are you happy any the less?  
Your life you have fulfilled,  
You have lighted your own light;  
What you have is your own,  
To none are you indebted;  
You have obeyed only  
The power in yourself.  
You have burst the bond of darkness,  
You are tiny but you are not little,  
For all the lights in the universe  
Are your kin.

### THE FIRST KISS

The sky became silent with lowered eyes,  
The birds ceased their multiple songs;  
The wind became mute; the music of flowing water  
Ceased in a moment; the murmur of the forest  
Died slowly in the forest's heart.  
On the waveless river's deserted shore,  
In the shades of evening silently descended  
The rim of the sky on the speechless earth.  
At that moment in the silent and solitary balcony  
We first kissed each other.  
In that self-same moment, far and near  
Rang the peal of bells and conchshells were blown  
In the temples of the gods calling to worship.  
A tremor ran through the infinite star-world  
And our eyes filled with tears.

### THERE AND THEN

When my moving steps come to a halt,  
There open the doors of the boundless.  
  
Where my song is ended,  
There is song's silent sea.  
  
Where darkness veils my eyes,  
There shines the light of the world unseen.  
  
Outside the flower blooms and falls in the dust,  
In the heart grows the ambrosial fruit.  
  
When work becomes big as it grows,  
Then comes to it large leisure.  
  
When the I in me is finished and is still,  
Then I become manifest in thee.



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## ART AND NATURE BOOKSHELF

### TEN LITTLE HOUSEMATES

By KARL VON FRISCH

Pergamon Press, New York, 1960

146 pages, text figures (\$3.00)

May be ordered through Art and Nature Shop.

It is unfortunately rare to find combined in one man a love of knowledge and that other gift of the gods, laughter. The result is that many regard higher learning as a grim climb up musty steps to the ivory tower—in a generation accustomed to escalators! In *Ten Little Housemates* Professor Karl von Frisch imparts a great deal of useful information and, thanks to his sense of humor, does it quite painlessly.

Herr von Frisch, director of the Institute of Zoology at the University of Munich, obviously has a good scientific background and utilizes enough technical terminology to reassure the experts and, for others, to stimulate curiosity about the cupboards of learning. He leads his readers gradually to a better understanding of subtleties in a vastly important field of science. Some familiarity with insects and spiders should be part of a complete education, since insects alone comprise over three-fourths of all kinds of animals known. All over the world they hold that lordly vertebrate, man, at bay, and they may be as potentially lethal as the atom bomb. This book makes interesting reading about a few species all too

well known to man—and to woman. Such a primer should be required reading for the housewife, be she bride or grandmother. Some objective understanding of these tiny beasts would stifle many a shriek in the kitchen.

The book covers houseflies, gnats, fleas, bedbugs, lice, clothes moths, cockroaches, silverfish, ticks, and spiders. The author gives a brief summary of classification to help establish their proper place in the animal kingdom, interweaving some accurate details of evolution, life history, and anatomy. Knowledge of life history is helpful to those who would like to exterminate pests in their early stages, since many insects do not follow the human pattern of being born in miniature.

It may come as quite a surprise to the lady of the manor to learn that she must destroy those horrible white worms in the garbage pail if she wishes to wage effective warfare on flies. She may be infuriated to discover that her wild chase to swat a clothes moth did not eradicate the actual perpetrator of those holes in her best winter coat. In both cases there is a sort of ugly-duckling story: the pest's eggs hatch into wormlike creatures known as larvae; these must satisfy their enormous appetites before they can go about the exhausting and exacting business called metamorphosis, which produces the adult insect.

Is the larva or the adult the real pest? Fly maggots are actually valuable scavengers that help get rid of waste materials, and some are even used by ingenious physicians to speed wound-healing. At best, the adult fly is a nuisance, and at worst, a convicted carrier of many diseases. The converse is true of the clothes moth and its relatives.

Mrs. Fox is doing part-time work with her husband, associate curator of insects at Carnegie Museum, in his research on Liberian butterflies sponsored by the National Science Foundation. A French major at Chatham College, she shifted to zoology for her master's degree at University of Pittsburgh. Accompanying her husband, she had charge of the student laboratories at Colorado College and later studied various parasites in Africa.

The adults do not feed. The tiny, wormlike larvae, hatched by the thousands from eggs, chew through their favorite food—woolens, apples, or whatever it may be.

The chapter on gnats should be retitled for accuracy. In spite of the belief of the author, or his translator, that the words *gnat* and *mosquito* are interchangeable in America (page 28), it is doubtful that anyone here, from fisherman to entomologist, confuses the two. The mere difference in size between the largest gnat and smallest mosquito is ample identification. Gnats are the pestiferous creatures that crawl into the eye or penetrate any screen with mesh large enough to admit air. Mosquitoes can be kept out by screens or netting, an antimalarial measure widely used.

This chapter does give a good review of mosquitoes and their danger to man. The drainage of the Pontine Marshes near Rome should be noted lest the reader become too

arrogant about the achievements of our modern age. In 312 B.C. (an inaccurate date is given by our author), the Romans had drained the Pontine Marshes sufficiently to build the Appian Way, and according to Pliny there were twenty-four villages in the area; knowing historians credit Rome's rise in greatness partly to the resultant improvement in the health of her citizens.

The discussion of spiders should set to rest some of the qualms about their danger as housemates. However, to most people it will still seem that they can be sufficiently useful and interesting outdoors. One caution to the reader is that he must not accept von Frisch's statement that the Black Widow is found only in "tropical" America, unless he is willing to include in the tropics such places as snow-covered Colorado or Pittsburgh. While the mortality rate from their bite does not approach the hysterical 100 per cent often quoted, Black Widows are

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definitely undesirable pets and quite poisonous. Only their inability to inject enough venom saves the victim.

It is regrettable that the author's background on spiders and ticks is not so sound as in the insect groups, for some of his statements might seriously mislead readers in this country. To an American zoologist the assurance that wood ticks are harmless (page 139) seems incredible, unless wood ticks are something else in Europe. In North America what is commonly called the wood tick is *Dermacentor andersoni*, a carrier of two of the most lethal diseases known—Rocky Mountain spotted fever and tularemia. When Ricketts first established their relationship to the fever in 1906, it was confined to the western states. In recent years, relatives of *D. andersoni* found on the eastern seaboard have been proved culprits in spreading these dread viruses. Because diagnosis is difficult, it is all too often completed at autopsy. No one should be complacent about the minor irritation of a tick bite.

The discussions on evolution and anatomy are interesting reading. Illustrations are detailed but are understandably explained. Since insect-kind is incomprehensibly vast, it has been forced to utilize every nook and cranny of the world to survive. Nature has been most cunning in devising for various species such adaptations as the perfection of the fly's eye or the microscopic drill of mosquito mouth parts. The perceptive reader may be slightly humbled when he compares some of man's lumbering efforts to come to terms with his own universe. He may be cheered, however, by the fact that insects have had a 39,000,000-year start on mankind!

In each chapter there are good suggestions for getting rid of undesirable housemates. They range from satisfactory home

remedies to advice on the most modern chemical warfare.

With the exception of the few areas of confusion mentioned, the book is accurate and should be very helpful to the average reader. It is readable, even amusing. Perhaps the best summary is in the author's own words:

"This book is not meant to be either an encyclopedia or a textbook. All I wanted to do was to give some information concerning small housemates whose names are quite familiar, although little else is generally known about them. I also wanted to show that there is something wonderful about even the most detested and despised of creatures."

—JEAN WALKER FOX

## ART GALLERY CHANGES

THE permanent collection galleries of the Department of Fine Arts at Carnegie Institute are now closed to permit extensive rehabilitation. It is expected that work will be completed in this area before opening of the 1961 PITTSBURGH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF CONTEMPORARY PAINTING AND SCULPTURE on October 27.

A suspended space-frame ceiling with movable aluminum wall panels will be installed in galleries A, B, and C on the second floor. These galleries normally contain the old master, nineteenth century European, and American sections of the permanent collection. The renovation will make it possible to more than double the present hanging area without destroying the architectural unity of the large rooms.

The work is made possible through the generosity of The A. W. Mellon Educational and Charitable Trust. The structural changes have been designed by Paul Schweikher, head of the department of architecture at Carnegie Institute of Technology.

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